

English 210: Writing Autobiography

Assignment Schedule

February

✓ 8: 2 pp.

✓ 15: 10pp.

March

~~bal~~ ✓ 1: 10pp.

~~bal~~ ✓ 15: 10pp.

April

✓ 5: 10pp.

✓ 19: 10pp.

May 10:

Completed essay -- final draft -- from all previous materials.

17: Last day of class.

All assignments must be double-spaced, typed, handed in in a folder with student's name on it.

→ C102 *

ENG210X

2-6-78 11:10

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=
MONDO - AUTOBUG.

① Selection of topic -

Attention / control at work

② Tone & story

- Artificial distance consistency & grammar

- Expressive prose specificity & incident

- normality
The hr. a day

① Experience -

(point of view)

② Attitude towards experience -

ASSIGNMENT

brief description of one event
two pgs.

specific

Early music:

① "Do you know the Word"

Ⓐ Lyric reaction

Ⓑ Guitair

Ⓒ Timi

Ⓐ Reaction

② "How can I" (For You, o Lord)

When you use a lot of
adjectives/adverbs - you're
writing description

honesty in writing:-

Alas, the rain. Here I am stuck in the library because of the ... blessed rain. I really wanted to write this story in a more ^{comfortable} setting. But alas if it were not for the rain the reality of the story that I am about to tell might not be so vivid.

Finances - car big thing, small things

LMU & the Financial Crunch

20 \$  Refrig. 25

Food 

reprieve - check from home

22

 ~ ~

running - cramp

refridge = food

study room - warped doors

ride, store: "Ah I'll walk home"

eyes bigger than my hand +

- RAIN! -

1 block 2 overstuffed bags - ugh

2 block - torture

2½ blocks - hitchhike - RAIN

she - her - healthy
her - healthy
hitchhiker

15 minute no-honor 30 min. br-r-r

1 hr. wet bag 1:15 hr. alas a less

the back of a Pinto run about - no movie

the strength of wet overstuffed shopping bags

- no hunger -

I Intro -

A. Dialogue

B. RAIN

II Body -

A. Search for food

- 1. Prehistoric Hunter
- 2. Modern Shopper

B. Transportation

1. Foot - journeys

- a. journeys
- b. time

2. Car

C My story - Search for food

1. The Store ↵

a. shopping hungry

b. heavy bags bags

2. Rain - Transportation

a. "it's not that far"

b. overstuffed bags train + distance = pain
in arms

c. Nobody would pick me up.

Attitude: things haven't changed

"Ah! I don't want to get wet."

"Well, you're gonna have to go out there some time."

"~~Doesn't~~ it ^{let up} look like it's going to, does it?"

"Nope."

as it ~~lighted~~ upon

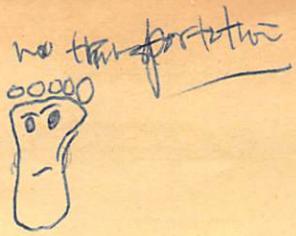
The rain danced ⁱⁿ the concrete walkways. And here I was caught with the decision to either remain here ⁱⁿ exile at the campus library ~~set~~ captive ^{against} my own ~~will~~ or attempted a heroic escape with only my sweater and three borrowed books to protect me.

"Well... the library won't ^{see} ~~close~~ until ~~eleven~~..."

The rain and I have always had a very full relationship. In fact just last year we spent a whole day frolicking (at least we was) on 86th St somewhere between Van's supermarket and Loyola. ^{at the time} ~~was new here at Loyola~~

~~it was typical for me to be the experience of being "On your own." was not used to not having someone call me to dinner or the old man mighty right turn out the light and go to bed!! (I actually stayed awake until six in the morning before I realized that no one was going to call me to bed)).~~

~~on that first day in September was something I needed to get used to. One of my first experiences in this new realm is reality dealt with the hideous chore of "going to the supermarket."~~



Smart
the supermarket that was
first down the street.

At first this was new here at L.M.U. and it began that fateful morning in September with a surge of ~~new~~ hunger pangs that most ~~of~~ ~~new~~ smart college students experience (I say "smart" because ~~the~~ most ~~smart~~ college students ^{would rather} choose to starve than to eat at the ~~campus~~ ^{quest for food led me to} crematorium, the Terrace Room). My ~~organization~~ ^{journey} ~~to the~~ ^{my second} ~~supermarket~~ ^{was} ~~uninvited guests, that~~ ^{the} ~~had~~ ^{quest} ~~not been for~~ ^{three} ~~friends~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{journey} ~~house~~. The first friend ^{is} goes by the name of No Transportation (alias, No Car). I've known this critter for many years now; nonetheless my feet and N.T. for obvious reasons, do not ~~enjoy~~ ^{enjoy} each other's company. My second guest was with ~~all~~ ^{very} day. He is called Famine Watchings.

Nonetheless, being one of the few southerners California without a car, my kind roommate ~~he~~ gave me a ride to the supermarket. ~~As~~ As he roared off I remember his prophetic warning, "I'm going to ~~the~~ Fox Hills Mall! I don't know even if I'll be back" (i.e. "find your own way home"). I gave his warning little thought as I entered the establishment, seeking to satisfy my primal appetites.

Alas, observe the hungry student thoughtlessly filling his shopping cart ~~as~~; its wheels screaming because of the weight. Behold the unfortunate shoppers forming a serpentine line behind the student at the check stand as they scream because of the

wait. Having recently completed a two year stint as a boxboy I meticulously observed the boxboy's show of skill and coordination. (It was a very short show). His four bags of groceries I soon converted to two bags. ~~so the bags were a little overstuffed~~, Saddling the bags, one in each arm, I thought to myself, "So the bags are a little overstuffed. Twenty-five pounds ~~each~~ each isn't too bad. I mean, it's not that far to walk."

As I left the supermarket I became only too aware of the little down pour of rain that had begun. I gave the rain little thought because ~~holding~~ my arms ^{were} explaining to me about the nitties of modern transportation. But like a ~~parent~~ that friend ~~parent~~ persistently pounding on the front door in the middle of the night the rain made its presence known. I couldn't believe it. I had carried these bags for little over a block and my arms were already talking about quitting. But being a man of strong will I was determined to make it back to Loyola. I wanted to cry.

Cresting the first hill (Lord knows how many hills followed) I observed the incompatibility of paper bags and rain. A quick decision was needed. ~~What was~~ I going to about my ~~trashy~~ disintegrating bags; not to mention my overburdened arms and soaking wet body? By now it was too late for me to turn back and I certainly wasn't not going to make it to Loyola. So I decided to stop at the

Fri~~it~~ ended up stopping under a large leafy tree and trying to hitchhike.

I soon realized that there were not very many people that ~~were~~ were going to stop and pick up a long-haired hitchhiker (complete with flared overalls and Jesus patches) in the rain.

As my bags got wetter I began ^{to} play a game called "Trying to establish eye contact with the would-be driver." This game ~~involves~~ involves one of two things: either upon establishing eye contact the driver will either feel sorry for you and offer a ride or get into an accident because he is too busy staring at the long-haired hitch-hiker to be watching the road. I was losing the game rather decisively. They would not even establish eye contact! But alas, no compassionate LMU student saw my plight and offered me a ride. So I picked up my crippled shopping bags and climbed into the back of this little Pinto runabout. "Crippled" was really not ^{the} way to describe my bags. They had been in the rain for a little over an hour and upon arriving at Loyola they proceeded to split open all over the poor little Pinto. Well, by the time I arrived safe and sound, complete with groceries, I began to wonder what went wrong.

I mean I like the rain. It gives me a cozy feeling like snuggling up to a nice lit fireplace

with money, a warm cup of tea and a friend. But somehow I don't think ~~that~~ the feeling is mutual

MY FRIEND, THOBRAIN
↑

2-8-78

ENZIO A

2-8-78

- Carry

goes thru 3 points: ① Drama

② Adult language on incident

③ " " on idea

2-13-78

Problem: - presenting rather than ~~describing~~ it

- generalities -

- analogy - kept up.

- no telegraphy needed -

no emotional tie -

- disjointed -

- tighten the prose - not forceful enough;
no connection between 1st & 2nd paragraph

- lead-in - is too indirect

grammatical error (clause -)

carrying metaphors -- personification through

- Rd. Joyce Monord 341pp.



To you Lord Jesus I dedicate this essay. Be glory
is honor given to your name - forever may my
heart seek its rightful place beside you

~~#~~

They Mine is a generation of change. ^(Greeks) Martin Luther

~~King~~, something like the Greek civilization around the

6th century BC. ~~less~~ Leisure. With less time spent

a band-winning and more goals set. The path

of the climbs on an upward spiral. So minds

begin to contemplate. In the last fifty years the catalyst

for thought was mankind's main desire to liquidate

himself. Now, the ~~the~~ tries may have changed --

\$

~~The~~ was no "war" but no real peace, less poverty

but no real wealth, less flux but no real stability.

As I was going up the militant activist became
the establishment and the apathetic.

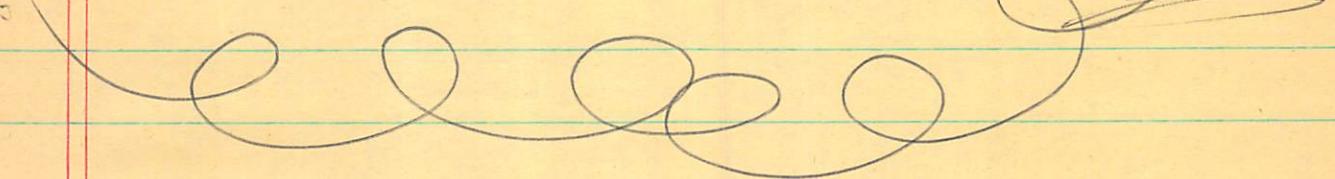
Events: searching - Athletic's

accepted - dances - personal contact failures

totally different story - God

normal upbringing - awesome - distinct God
God is the root -

What am I going to do?



Joseph Bruce Edward Bustillo,

Hi How are you? I am
fine. Sound like a typical intro.?
Well if you think it is you're
absolutely right.

Right now I'm sitting next to
you at Kathie's house watching the
Martin Luther King special with you
and your family.

Well that's the end of this
giant letter. Sorry I used so
much paper. :)

I love you,

love,

me - Pegi

2/15/78

- active part -

- reciting images

* very general - w/ the illusion of particularity

→

dark - pink

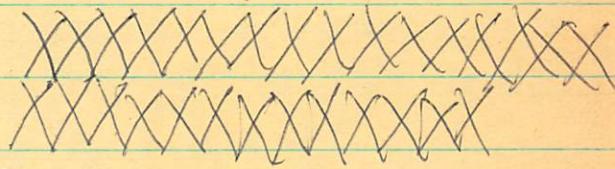
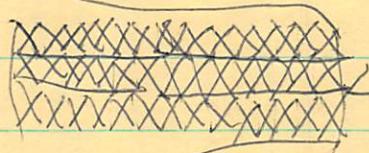
enough dramatization

enough particularities so

that at the end the generalizations are justified

2/20/78

grammar



don't you use "lifestyle"

Baptism of the Holy Spirit

- desire to be pure in God's sight -- no cause for reproach from my folks.
- free gift that I couldn't work for - no sweat.
- powerful to overcome sin - as opposed to my own weakness
- changed me from the inside out -
- mode that just "God conscious" but "Father, loving Father conscious."
- foolishness to religion - "Kuddies" to adults a tutor to bring us to an understanding but not a lifelong companion - had to go on!

consciousness of complexity - vs. - desire for simplicity

consciousness of sinfulness - vs - desire to be pure
they say "seek" I sought & found the system & wanting (lacking).

they say "you're an adult now" "adult" seems to mean make the same decisions that they've made

- 5th Communion class

- 8th grade Confirmation

- more - my friends sex and all the things

2-22-78

conscious - wordiness

= Theorie

"The artist is the person that must
perform in stopstill on himself.
attention to all powers

repetition.

" ' No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is doing; but I call you friends, for all things that I have heard from My Father I have made known to you.' Can someone tell me what this means?"

Greg looked around the room at the empty stares. "Well, hopefully by the end of this month some of you will ~~do~~ understand this passage. Anyways..." I was ~~supr~~ surprised that he was not persistent with his question. He passed on to the next subject like nothing had happened. "

March 6, 1978

- Dramatized -



A. Nature its

Personal discussion w/o irony or concreteness

Sister Mary Holy Water
Sister Mary Holy Water

that I had been taught.

Bible Study - ① boring
② I wonder

③ To you a promise made

14 At home ① the Radio -

5 17 9 18 12 7 ② mom ~~ach~~ acom
③ my friends ~~ach~~ acom
ach acom
ach acom
ach acom

① 5th grade communion

④ Sister Mary Holy Water - draw pictures & card

③ Prayers

② gifts

desipher

② 8th grade confirmation . desipher decipher

① 8th grade retreat : incarceration

③ a step of the face

② more gifts

③ "You're an adult now"

④ Bible Study

① what am I doing here?

③ getting used to tongues

② The Loft

③ Black & White

① Friends in & out

① "hey it's God conscious"

② post retreat let-down

③ Not just "God-conscious" but

"Father, loving Father conscious."

① on your own

② Romans 8: 28

1. Preretreat meeting
 - A. Dialogue - Greg
 - B. Reasons - "Mich"
2. The Nature of High School CCD
 - A. Commitment
 - B. Social Gathering
3. Growing up
 - A. Lessons learned
 - B. Results
4. Retreat
 - A. Uneventful except.
 - B. Freedom
5. Reality vs desires
 - A. Involvement
 - B. Ed \curvearrowright Jim (Rock & Roll)
6. Greg & Bible Studies
 - A. Copying w/ tongues
 - B. Desire & freedom
7. 2nd Retreat
 - A. ~~Setting~~ Sitting back watching
 - B. Freedom
8. The Day after Palm Sunday
 - A. The invitation
 - B. Freedom.

"Have you read today's lesson?"

"Yes I have sister!" I had ~~ever~~ glanced at
it five minutes before the interview.

recite "Alright then, hand me your book and
recite For me the Our Father."

"...uh... Our Father... who art... in heaven...
uh... hollow bee... uh, uh..."

"They name."

"Right! They name, uh... uh... They kingdom come..."

They... uh... uh... They"

"They will be done!"

"Uh... right! They will be done... uh... uh..."

~~I was saying a psalm~~

"On..."

"...on earth as it is in heaven!"

As I wiped the cold sweat from my brow I avoided

sister's glance hoping that she would not be able to
read from my eyes that I had not read this week's
lesson.

"Young man, are you sure that you read
this week's lesson?"

But ~~some~~ how she was on to my tricks.

"Yes sister!" I said cheerfully

"Alright then recite for me the Hail Mary."

my smile broke and the cold sweat began to reappear.

"Hail ... Mary Mar--ry ... full of ...

Grace .. hollow be thy name .. opps!

Ah .. I mean .. ah the Lord is with thee!"

(sigh)

"Yes? continue."

"Huh? Oh .. uh Blessed art thou .. among .. women.
and uh blessed are the .. fruits of .. when thy words, Jesus. ~~mother~~ ..

"~~What's that~~ Okay now, what do these prayers mean?"
~~Shh~~. I cannot believe, here I am just a ~~fourth~~ ^{5th} grader
who can barely recite these things and she wants me
to explain their theological significance. This woman is
really out to ~~get~~ ^{get} me.

"You mean that you can't tell me what they ~~mean~~?"

"Ah, no sister, ... I mean yes sister -"

"Well then ~~what's that~~ ... she began to scribble
scribble something on my book ... I, "When you get

home show this to your mother."

Dear those nuns. She wrote the note in hand writing. She knows I am not good hand writing.

When I got home I ~~gave~~ showed the note to my mom. She got a very disappointed look on her face and just shook her head. This class was suppose to prepare me for my first holy communion but what it really was doing was causing a lot of heart ache for my mom. All the other years that I had been in CCD all we had to do was listen to dumb storys about some guy with this boat full of animals that got swallowed by a whale and draw pictures of God. But now we had to learn prayers and ceremonies and with nuns! Ha to all you ~~parochial~~ ^{Parochial} school kids! I had only one year with nuns, that being only once a week, and that almost ruined me. And what was worse was that we also had to go ^{to our first} confession too!

Why would anyone stick a scared ~~seven~~ year old in a dark box to talk to a stranger about things that we could not even share with his best friend is beyond me.

"Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been ah... oh yeah... this is my first confession."

"Continue."

"uh ah. These are my sins: I lied to my mom and my dad. I broke my little brother's bow and arrow

I told man that ~~if~~ my sister Joyce had done it..."

"Anything else?"

"Nope." I did not tell him about me wetting my pants and then throwing my under ~~where~~ away.

"Well then..." The man proceeded to rattle off some prayer so fast that, to this day I have yet to decipher ~~whole~~ what language it is in.

"Amen."

"Your penance is to say four Our Fathers and six Hail Marys." Not more ~~than~~ Our Fathers and ~~than~~ Hail Marys! Oh well, I ~~walked~~ ~~set~~ got out the dark box, knelt in the empty church, prayed to the invisible God and ^{then} went home to tell my brother about the funny man in the box.

~~After a week ~~other~~ later I found myself ~~standing~~ about a hundred ~~other~~ squirming seconds graders ~~in front of the church~~ in front of the church. The nuns had reserved the ~~other~~ being herded into a processional line. The nuns had reserved the front pens for us.~~

A week later I found myself and a hundred other squirming second graders being herded into a processional line for our first Holy Communion. The head nun, Sister Mary (why are all nuns named Mary?), addressed us:

"Now boys and girls, your mothers and fathers are going to be very proud when they see you march up to the front of the church, so please stay in line and do not converse with one another. Remember that the little Lord is —

"Sister!" A boy ~~stood~~ ahead of me in line ^{was lighting} his hand in the air and frantically jumping up and down. "Will you

"~~Sister~~ Sister Teresa, please take little William to the bathroom?"

We all giggled and pointed at the puddle ~~that~~ ^{which} William was standing in.

"Now boys and girls, remember that the little Lord Jesus is in the church and he is waiting for you to receive him in the host. This reminds me of what Mother Teresa of Calcutta used to say to her ~~soon~~ congregation of towns when they used to walk through the streets of that God-forsaken city. She used to say ... It suddenly occurred to me why the news wanted us to show up here an hour and a half early.

"Okay now, Father is waiting for us in front of the church. So let's ~~walk~~ in. Remember two lines!"

So we all began to file into the church. By this

Kneeling before the alter there was a certain sense
that as this grey old man with the gold cup placed
a white piece of paper on our outstretched ~~hands~~^{hands}
something like "Body-cry" ^{us} tongues while chanting
something like "Body-cry". Those that remembered
the magic word that gave us the power to ~~return~~
return to our seats (no not "please", that is the mistake
that my friend made. He said please after receiving
the host and could not get up until he remembered to
say "Amen". He was still ^{up} when we left the church)
we were instructed to kneel and pray with our faces
in our hands, thanking God for our teachers and
parents. Anyone that dared to look God straight in the
face while praying ~~would~~ would be struck dead.
luckily God was not looking in my direction ^{when} I pecked

at me through my fingers.

to the church

When mass was over we filed out amidst flashing cameras and crying mothers. At home there was cake and punch and a gift from my god-parents. I worried a little ~~bit~~ that Jesus might not enjoy the company of the cake and punch being in my stomach ^{seeing as} always he was there first. But it did not seem to bother him.

A week later life was back to normal. ~~we~~ ^{at church} we found our usual place, standing back of the church because we were late. My brother and I went back to our game ~~that~~ called "leaning tower of Pisa." Each of us ~~would~~ ^{our legs} would stand with legs together and lean in every direction like a top that ^{was} running out of speed. The object of the game was to see who could lean the farthest in any direction without falling down. My brother usually lost.

This was the extent of my religious life. I was too busy dreaming about becoming an astronaut or some great football player to bother. And no one really seemed to care; that is until I reached the eighth grade.

~~In the eighth grade there was a sudden burst of energy being exhibited in our teachers' concentrated effort to educate us "young adults." One could think that in eight years we would understand what all this~~

religious retreat.

In the eighth grade we were all packed into one
large group where we had "rap" sessions. I ~~still~~
still not ~~sure~~ ^{am} ~~ever~~ what "rap" means. ~~And~~ To climax these weekly
excursions into the obscurity we were given an
eighth retreat.

The retreat was ~~to~~ supposed to prepare us for Confirmation.
They wanted us to become committed Catholic young
men and women.]

"What I would like for you to do is pair off into
groups of two and ... Everybody got out of their
seats and started walking around. I ended up with my
best friend. "And please make sure the person that
you're with is ~~not~~ a close friend." My friend & I looked
at each other ~~at~~ while everybody else got up and
changed partners.

Shaking his hand I said with a poor english accent,
"why, it is a pleasure to meet you, master Edward.
My name is ..."

"Please introduce yourself to your partner and then
we will give ~~each~~ you five minute to ask your partner
these questions: what is your favorite color, ^{and why} what is
your favorite season and why, and what is your
favorite food and why? ~~And~~ After you have asked these
three questions ~~you will give~~ your partner will have

five minutes to ask you these questions."

What's your favorite color Ed? No let me guess... pink!! We laughed as everybody else continued to struggle through ~~these~~ ^{these} questions. It was a real pleasure for us to pass through these questions and by the time everyone ^{they} had answered the first question we had asked each other all three, so we proceeded to play "paper-sissors-stone."     and separated.     

It was a poor decision because we were soon caught in a competition. We were paired with a girl that did not have a partner and had to pair up with a teacher and I was paired with a girl that did not have a partner. She did not know how to play "paper-sissors-stone". After watching a film and talking

"Many of you consider yourselves adults. You think that you're old enough to make your own decisions -- to ~~experience exercise~~ the freedom that everyone's talking about. You live in a generation that's very fast to point out the hypocrisy of my generation --

How we say one thing and do another. Well, many of those points are well-taken, I mean, your right about the hypocrisy and phoniness of my generation, in many instances. But all ~~that~~ I hear coming from you is just talk. Talk, that's it!

You'll be the first to point out that we preach the righteousness of the Declaration of Independence:

'We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal ...' But ~~we~~ ^{at the same time} ~~allow~~ ^{the} blacks, mexicans, and the original americans, the indians to be discriminated against, almost persecuted. But ~~that's~~ ^{again all I hear is just} talk.

Okay... here is an opportunity for you to do something about this hypocrisy, the hypocrisy in church as well as the society. In two weeks we're going to be administering the sacrament of confirmation. Now most of you are intending on showing up because 'mommy and daddy' want ~~you to~~ ^{show up for} and that's good, you should want to please your folks. But if that is your only reason for attending then you're going to miss a lot of significance that this sacrament can hold for you.

God has sent his Holy Spirit into this world so that we as Catholics will be able to live a good life, just as the gospel says: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, because you love one another." And we, meaning you and me, are going to get rid of the hypocrisy.

in the world then we're going to have to start by ~~the~~
illuminating the phoniness in our own lives. To do
is we need the Holy Spirit." ^{it was}

It was a nice talk that really kept our attention,
but when I left I could not help be feeling like all I
had ^{received} _{was words} ^{past}

Two weeks I found myself in church; in some
front rows, with basically the same people ^{the same} surrounding
me. There was Father O'Donnell up at the pulpit giving ~~it's~~
long winded ^{sermons} ~~speeches~~. We in the meantime were trying to
decide which girl was the "foxiest". later we decided that
the girl that slipped on her way down from the alter showed
the most potential. The sign of the cross, a light tap of the
cheek by the Bishop, and back to my seat to pray with
my face in my hands. ~~it was~~

When mass was over there was the same array of canon
flashbacks and the weeping mothers. And at home more cake
and punch and a gift from my God-parents. Only this
time I did not worry ^{about whether} if Jesus or the Holy Spirit enjoyed the
company of my cake ~~and~~ punch because if they were there
I didn't know it.

But it doesn't matter to me now
cause I've been to the mountain top
I seen the promised land

Freedom. I remember when I was a young boy
my mom used to say to me, "You can't go out to
play until you pick up this room." And I would turn, looking
at the walls, the unmade bed, an array of toys on the floor,
under the bed, in the bed... let me just say that this
mess was not going to disappear with the twinkling of an
eye. I sat down on my disheveled bed and looked out
my bedroom window to our back yard. The
allowing sand piles and sand and the crumbling
metropolis that I had built the day before were

beckoning me to joining them. ~~But~~ It did not take much common sense for me to see that the job by far out weighed the reward.

~~Artwork~~~~(Crossed out)~~

my oldest sister, Kathie, is a part-time singer and a full-time housewife. my other sister, Vicki, is a photographer and works part-time at the local high school as a tutor in the math department. My little brother, Matt, is a potential scientist. The baby of the family, Joyce, is like another high school sophomore, pretty much undecided. "Giggle, giggle." Myself? well I ended up (so far) as a songwriter and an amateur musician.

~~Being a songwriter~~

It is not as if I have always wanted to be a songwriter, but music ~~was~~ has always been a part in my life.

part-time ^{housewife} & full-time
my oldest sister, Katrin, is a singer. My brother,
Matt, is a scientist. My other sister, which is a
photographer and teacher at a Day-care center.
The baby of the family, Joyce, is like my other high
school sophomore, pretty much undecided, "giggle-
giggle." myself, well I ended up as a songwriter
and amateur musician.

It is not as if I have always wanted to be
a songwriter (when I was around 10 I wanted to
be an astronaut, but when NASA ~~had~~ failed to answer my
application I figured it was their loss).

Dialogue

II. Meeting

A. Greg Wallace -

B. Growing up - who am I?

Description

II. Moral condition

A. Man -

B. Free "God-conscious"

Dialogue

III. Retreat

A. God -

B. The Commandments

Description

IV. On Your Own

A. Me - Lynn

B. trying

IV. The Gift

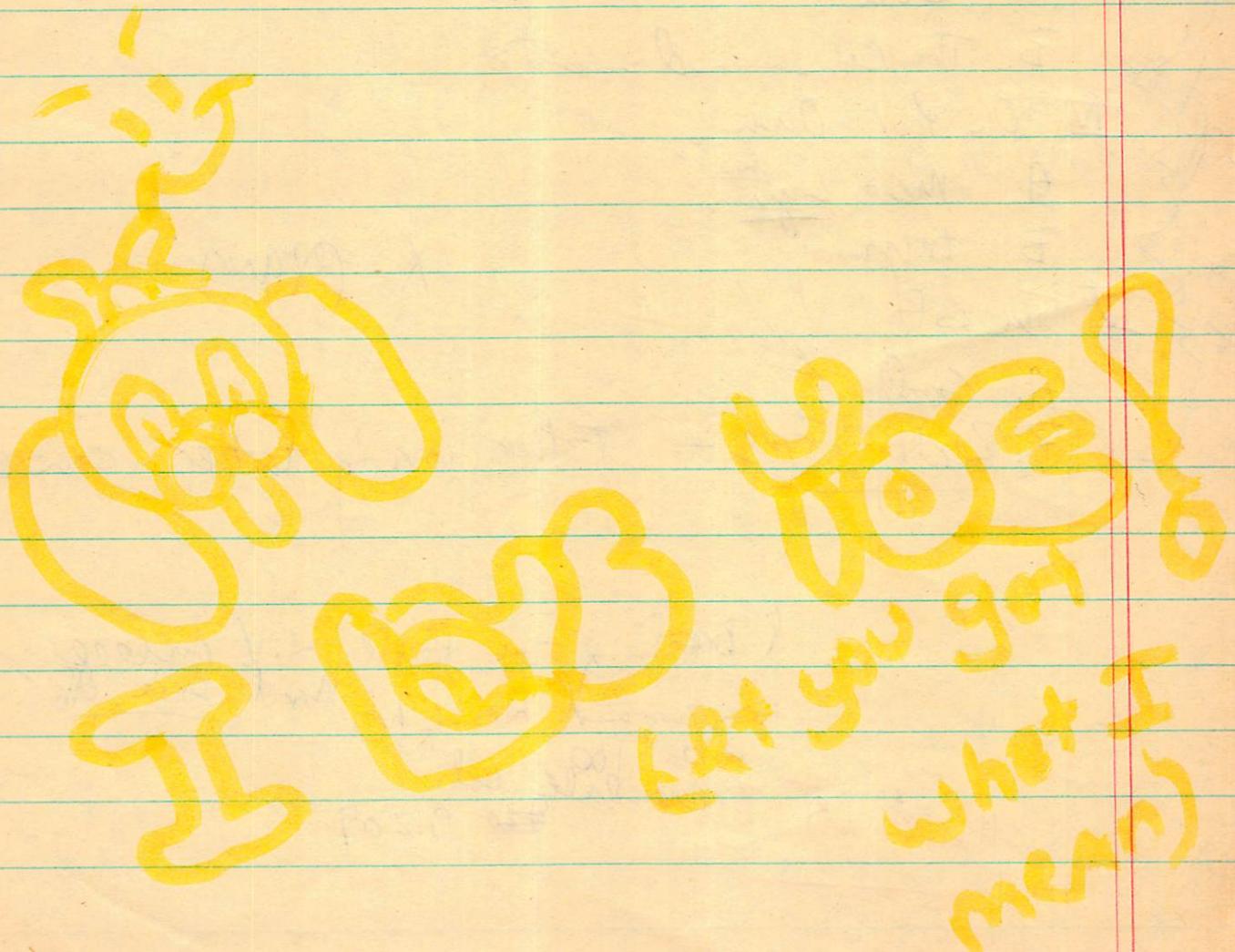
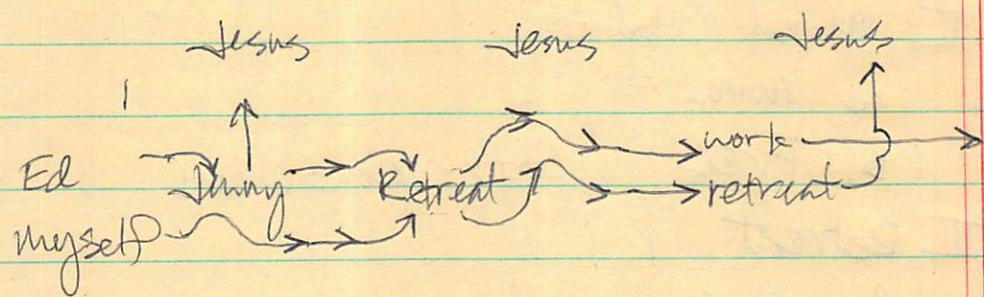
A. God

B. Really Free - "Father, loving father conscious"

Ex. Explain

(Bret) - the Bible 1. V. Greg
Heaven and Hell hr. March Book Offer

Isaiah 65: 10 P.O. 100
Glandall Ed. \$20 9/209



Like a foolish dreamer

Tryin' to build a bridge to the sky

All my hope would come tumblin' down

And I never knew just why

Until today when you pulled away ~~the~~
those clouds that hang

like curtains on my eyes

Well I'd been blind all these wasted

years & I thought I was so wise

but then you took me by surprise!

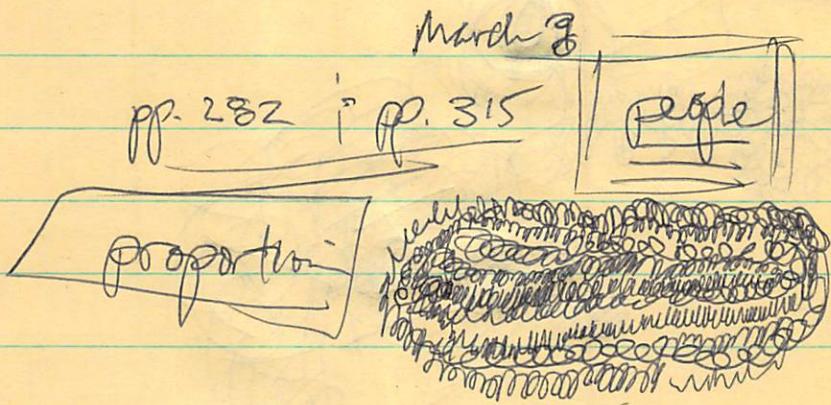
I. Meeting

II. Moral Condition

III The Retreat

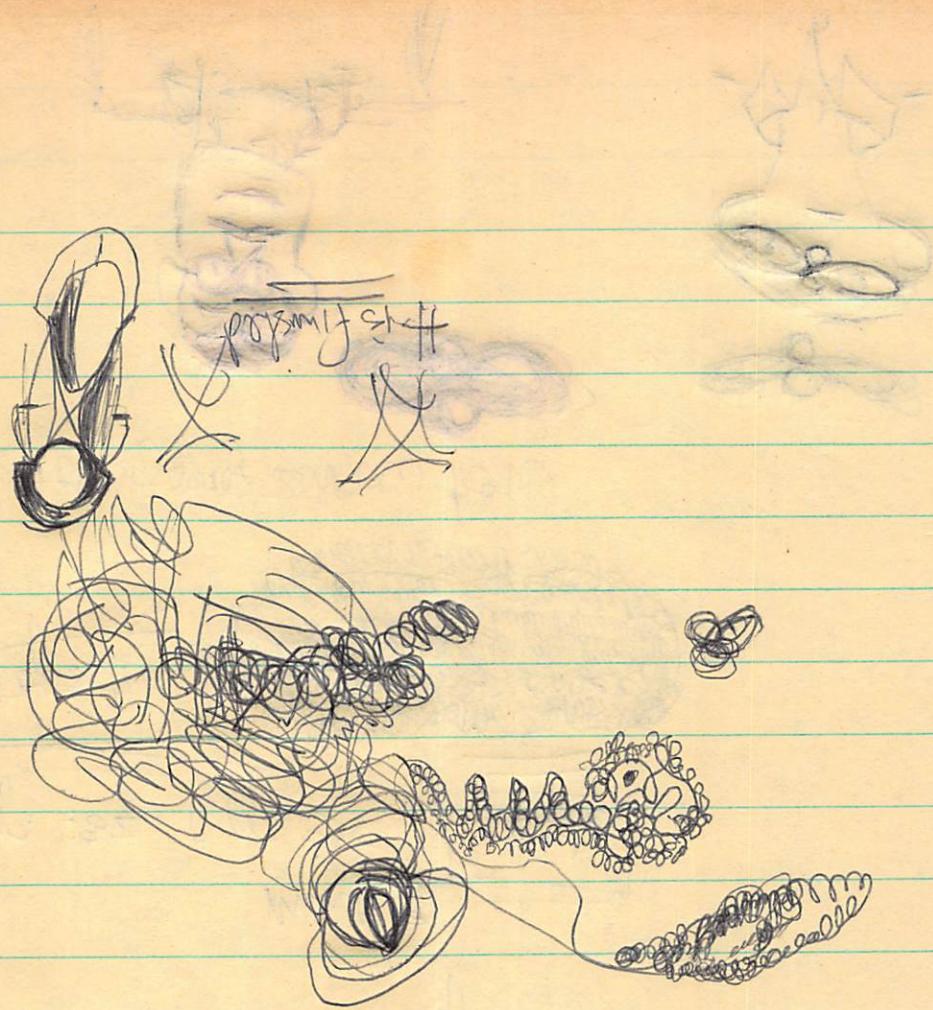
At the young age of 15 I was caught in
a little bit of stalemate

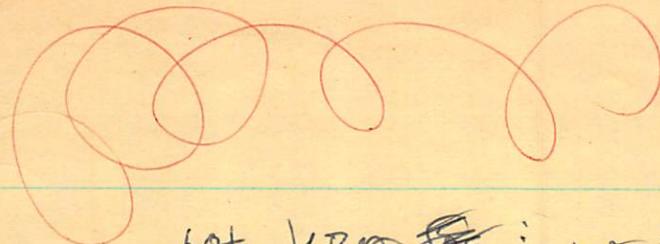
The first major shock that I experienced when
I ~~entered~~ entered CMU was how ~~is~~ sexually oriented
society. Over the last few years my home life was
basically religiously oriented. But even that was
second to sports (my dad would have nothing to do
with



I am now going to know how







hot. Why ~~she~~: no clichés

Verifying sentence

Harmony: well defined nouns

"my past was not in skin"

~~Walking toward my locker after my last period class I saw my best friend across the hallway.~~

"Hey Ed, have you heard about Jenny?"

"What?" "Have you heard about Jenny?"
"I ~~was~~ ~~near~~ hanging out with the Jesus Freaks"
"at school lunch and stuff."

"So?"

"So... I thought you might be interested." "He turned away and ~~shuffled~~ his ~~feet~~ some sand on the walkway. I had fought over her since we first met her at the 8th grade graduation dance. Ed went out with her all that summer. But when the fall came, she decided that ~~Ed had been~~ she needed a change."

"Will you talk to her for me?"

I was caught off guard. "Yeah... sure...." "About what?"

"You know, about... well about us."

"Us?"

"You know, about her and I."

"Oh, you had me worried there for a moment."

We ~~broke~~ closed our books and headed back over towards the senior lawn. Ed tapped my shoulder and pointed at the local "J.F.'s" as we passed the senior lawn.

"Okay, I'll talk to her."

weekdays sitting in a circle ^{to sing} They looked like any other ~~good~~ groups of high school
they appeared ^{They were gathered in a} ~~at home~~ ^{in one room} ~~happiness~~ ^{with one mother} ~~pretty~~ ^{they seemed pretty}
and being really ^{Charming} ~~harmless to me~~ .

"Lenny?"

"Oh, hi Joe."

"Hi, whatcha doin'?"

"Not a whole lot. Whatcha want?"

"I just come to see. See...uh...wha... whatcha readin'?"

"In the Bible. What a bear?"

"well, no ~~not~~ then"

"This is something I read this morning. It's in John chapter fifteen."

This is my commandment that you love one another, just as I have loved you. Greater love has no one ~~but~~ than this, that one lay down his ~~life~~ life

For his friends. You are my friends, & you do what

I command you. No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is

done; but I have called you friends, for all things
that I have heard from my Father I have made
known to you." (Jn. 15:12-15)

"That's nice. I kinda wanted to ~~get~~ the..."

"Are you Jesus' friend Joe?"

"...uh...well, actually I came to talk to you
about..."

"You know you're changing a way of life!"

→ "For, it isn't that bad. Why don't you give this a chance. There's nothing wrong with becoming a Christian."

> "Listen Jen, I'm already a Christian, I go to church
and stuff so don't worry. I came to talk to you about..."

"It's not the shore!"

"I ~~have~~ to talk about Ed! He still really likes you!"
she lowered her voice and began to scan through the grass for a thought she
had dropped,
"oh, ^{**} Did he say that himself?"

as I got up
and left.

Henry and I were "It's not the same" Christianity ^{isn't} ~~is~~ I could never understand her. One time at a high school C.C.D meeting ^{a friend} ~~as~~ I asked the priest what he felt about the "Jesus Freaks." (This was back in 1972 when the "Jesus movement" ^{had just begun to} ~~was~~ ^{first beginning to} spread out from Laguna Beach and into had just begun to)

I love you
Kenny

mission Viejo). He said rather vaguely, that he felt that "They're pretty good people but they limit themselves too much by identifying themselves with the title 'Jesus Freak' or 'Jesus ~~Person~~ Person'." I know some people that, after six years, are still trying to figure out what he meant.

Ed ; I maintained a ^{approach} basically passive about our religion but every once in awhile our ^{passion} took on an active tense. ^{toward the beginning of our} ^{Sophomore year} high school we decided (in matters religious "decided" is often synonymous with "compelled") to take part in a religious experience that was sweeping Southern California. No, Kenny's arguments had ^{not} convinced us ^{to get involved with} "It's-not-the-same" Christianity or the ^{movement} charismatic ^{but} matters had "convinced" us to go on a "Reach Out Retreat".

These retreats were organized by a group of ~~volunteers~~ ^{retreat} ~~out of the secondary education department~~ ^{were} the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. They were held in the San Bernardino mountains. We told ~~that~~ this ^{type} of retreat would be ^{different from all our pre-conceived} ideas. So, it did not shock us when we found out that most of our weekend in the mountains would be spent in lakes through the woods ~~camping~~ and ping-pong games in the ledge. Beyond the exterior arrangement of ping-pong

and nature was the growing awareness that he was there.

you are
so beautiful!

2

make our youth leader retreat in our Party hall
were easily separated (there were a lot of cute girls).

By the end of the weekend I had won 5 games
of ping-pong and lost about 8. Ed, well, I lost track of him
after we were ~~first~~ introduced to a group of girls from St.
Bonaventure High School. ~~But even though he was preoccupied~~
~~with these girls~~ ~~he~~ ~~left the mountain with the~~
same feeling that I had.

Here we had all these years exercised a legitimate
we had always ~~amount~~ ^{both} of righteousness, having been, atar boys and boy scouts
"believed" in him (the epitome of all-american boyhood), yet we found our
but he was not ~~ourselves~~ ~~out of touch with God~~ (maybe what ~~John~~ Jenny
a "he" in our ~~but needing to be God's friends~~ had been telling us had a certain amount of truth to it; ~~But~~
~~we were not ready to try and answer that question~~ ~~but was not the~~
~~worries about the right to enter God's~~ ~~back~~ ~~time to find out~~
~~disturb it.~~

When we got to school Monday morning with our
pseudo-religious feelings we ~~that~~ were met with an
unexpected ~~to~~ barrage of questions from ^{Ed's} a friend of Ed's,
world Dave.

"what's that?"

"what's what?"

"That thing ~~that~~ you and Ed have on your shirt?"

"It's called an Ithrus pin. It's from our retreat."

"Oh, are you guys 'Jesus Freaks' now?"

"uh..." I hesitated. My heart was beginning to

"Well ~~for~~ why don't you guys just ~~move~~ ^{move} on over there
hang with the other U.F.s?"

"That's okay, I'll pass," I changed ~~to~~ ^{quickly} to a more
comfortable subject.

While I was able to maintain my image in front of Ed and my other friends I could not hide from myself the fact that I needed to find out more about this "Friends God" stuff. ~~What do you even say about God or about how this is supposed to relate to our lives.~~

I could not isolate my experience in the mountains from
with the rest of any life Ed was doing. In began
~~to cut down on my weekly excursions to the drug store with
Ed to the magazines entitled "Entertainment for Men."~~
I got to the point that I openly confessed to Ed,
I've gotten quit ~~be~~ looking at this stuff. He just gave
me a weird look and snarled it off.
"whatever."

Whatever! You might be able to say whatever but I have
got to find out what's going on.

→ while poring over those famous magazines subtitled
"Entertainment for men"
↓
On day¹ during our weekly excursions to the local
drug store ~~with~~ ^{one of} ~~poring over those famous magazines~~
subtitled "Entertainment for men" I began to get a little
disgusted with what I was doing. I confessed to Ed, "I've
gotta quit looking ~~at~~ this junk!" He just gave me a weird look
and ~~staggered~~ the thought ~~it~~.
"Whatever."

"Whatever?! You might be able to say whatever," I thought, "but
I'm going to find out what's going on here!" I started my odyssey
by reading the New Testament. Nice book -- the New Testament --
but not a word of it made ^{any} sense to me so I stopped reading
it. It was only a matter of time until I found myself with
Ed and the magazines again.

Around Christmas time ^{begin} that year, 1973, I ~~started~~ going out with a girl named Lynn. Being my first real
relationship with a girl, I ~~had~~ set my sites on getting
as much out of this relationship as ~~I could~~ I could. So I
told God to go away. He did not leave me.

I thought things were going rather smoothly. Then one
afternoon Lynn told me: "Don't call me until after 6:00."
"How come?"

"'Cause a friend is coming over."

"Anyone I know?"

"Nope. Her name's Valerie she's a teacher for the Vets...uh
she's just a friend."

"Oh." I soon found out that Valarie was a Jehovah's witness. It seems that Lynn's old boyfriend, Tim, had made Lynn promise to study for a month the Jehovah's Witness Faith. I did not know too much about the "J.W.'s" except that, according to my mom, they did not salute the flag or serve in any of the Armed Forces ^{heavenly} but they did at think that there was enough room in for everyone.

"Lynn, these guys... they're not telling the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. Their doctrines are pretty weird. Why don't you come to church with me?"

For a couple of Sundays she took me up on my offer. Unfortunately sermons ^{on} Catholic morality did not mix very well with petting in the park. And I soon found myself making resolutions, "Okay, we'll stop ~~stroking~~ around." But the words did not carry any real weight.

It is not that I did not want to stop petting, because I did. ^{I knew that her feelings were being hurt and that she was beginning to feel weak. But this pattern coupled with the emerging growth of our sex-drive made these resolutions meaningless.} I began to see that Lynn has getting hurt. She felt used and my relationship with her meant more to me than anything else. She realized this, which drew us closer together. But it did not solve our problem.

This time ~~I~~ did not turn to the Bible or the Church, ^{but} just existed from promise to promise. ~~We~~ were like ^a two stumbling wanderers ⁱⁿ the desert dreaming about water and only finding sand. Putting aside the fact that ~~he~~ was ^{was} pained, ~~he~~

went on.

Greg,

One evening in February I received a phone call from a friend that I had met before my retreat in ^{October} September. He told me that I had been selected to go on a special retreat in April for people interested in giving retreats.

"Sure I'd love to go."

"Great, then I'll sign you up. By the way, are you doing anything ^{Monday} Friday night?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"'cause I'd like to know if you'd want to go to a Bible study that I'm teaching at the ... Bible study, no I can't, I've got to get out of this one!" ... ~~at~~ the Webber's House. You remember the Webbers, don't you?"

"... Uh... yeah ~~or~~ I'd love to but... but I think I have to do dishes ~~Monday~~ ^{Friday} night."

"Oh."

"Sorry, maybe next time."

~~There~~ He was again, standing at the door, letting ^{me} know that He was around. The last thing that I remember telling Lynn before I left for the retreat was: "I don't know, I've just gotta live for God." I had no idea what I was saying, but it sounded ^{right} ~~okay~~ at the time.

On the retreat, the mountains, the overcast sky, the warm fireplace in the lodge set my mind at ease. Greg brought me a cup of tea and asked ^{me} how it was going.

I was speechless. I found myself as an observer, taking in the warmth of the ~~calmness~~^{calmness} that surrounded me. I knew, ^{that} he was there, but I could not put my finger on it.

The retreat leader said,

"You need to make God more important in your life. Read the Bible, spend time meditating on His word. Eventually instead of seeing Him as way out there, you'll see him kind of like at root level."

But that was not what I wanted. I knew that there had to be something else to it.

Before we left the mountain, Gray again asked me if I wanted to go to his Bible study the following evening. This time I consented.

Bible

I had been to Gray's study once or twice before so I was fairly used to the endless guitar song singing and tongue speaking. I also became reacquainted with the visions battle to stay awake during the Bible teaching. (The concluding prayer ~~was~~ ^{was} a welcome sight.)

The concluding prayer this evening included various petitions by the people gathered. The way this was done was that anyone that had a need would ~~express~~ state that need and then everyone would form a circle around that ~~person~~ ^{person} laying on hands and praying for the person and ~~not~~ the need.

We were praying for a girl named Debbie. I joined in with

with this prayer, closing my eyes and going along with what was being said. About ~~it~~ ^{up} through the prayer I opened my eyes. Just as I opened my eyes, Greg opened his eyes and smiled at me. I ^{immediately} ~~closed~~ my eyes thinking "what's going on here?"

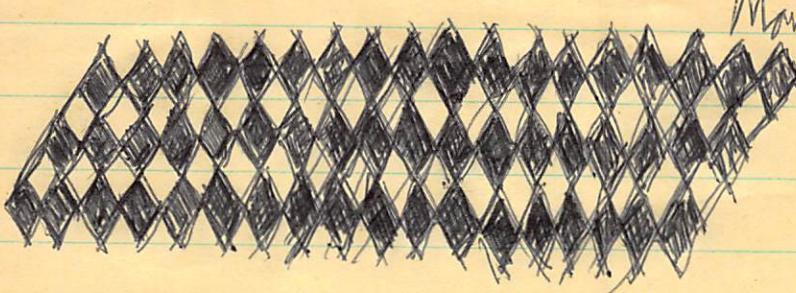
When Debbie returned to her place in the circle Greg turned to me and said: "The Lord spoke to my heart and said that He has power for you, power to overcome all those things that've been getting you down. Would you like to receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit?"

^{I said,}
The timing was perfect. "Sure," For the next fifteen or so minutes they petition God to spend ¹ his spirit. ^{The shepherd approached us} A cup of cool water was pressed against my lips and a moist towel placed on my parched ~~thirsty~~ ^{dry} throat. I now knew.

"No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you."

John 15: -15

^{the} shepherd approached ~~me~~ in the wilderness and pressed a wooden ladle filled with cool water against my lips while wiping the sand from ^{my} feet. I now knew



March 27, 1978

substance - felt reality

1st " : subject found in middle - - it
2nd " : subject known in beginning - but
dances around it.

March 29, 1978

KATHIE

Legend has it that my oldest sister, Kathey, when she was but a young ~~less~~ desired to play the accordian. Being an only child at the time her request was immideately fulfilled by my father. But it soon came to pass that "Lady Katherine" did not desire music any longer. So a decree was passed and heralded by my father that he would no longer make any monetary contributions to our musical aspirations.

Well, many years passed and I soon found myself enrolled in Linda Vista Elementary school's fifth grade class. And as fate would have it, Linda Vista was beginning to develop a music program.

"Hey mom, can I play the drums?"

Never having experienced the melodic unity of a heart-felt song, nor the rhythmic pulsations of the glorious percussion instrument, my mother's reply was a firm but loving, "NO WAY!!!"

I was not persistent with my request, that was the way my folks had brought me up. So I shouldered my destiny while my best-friend, Ed, excelled in the musical arts and I was left to sing harmony with A.M. radio rock-stars.

My mom crept across the darkened bedroom and turned off my radio. I had fallen asleep with it on. When she was gone I rolled over and turned it back on. In past ~~sex~~ years I had switched from A.M. radio and Led Zepplin, to the F.M. variety and "Jesus Rock."

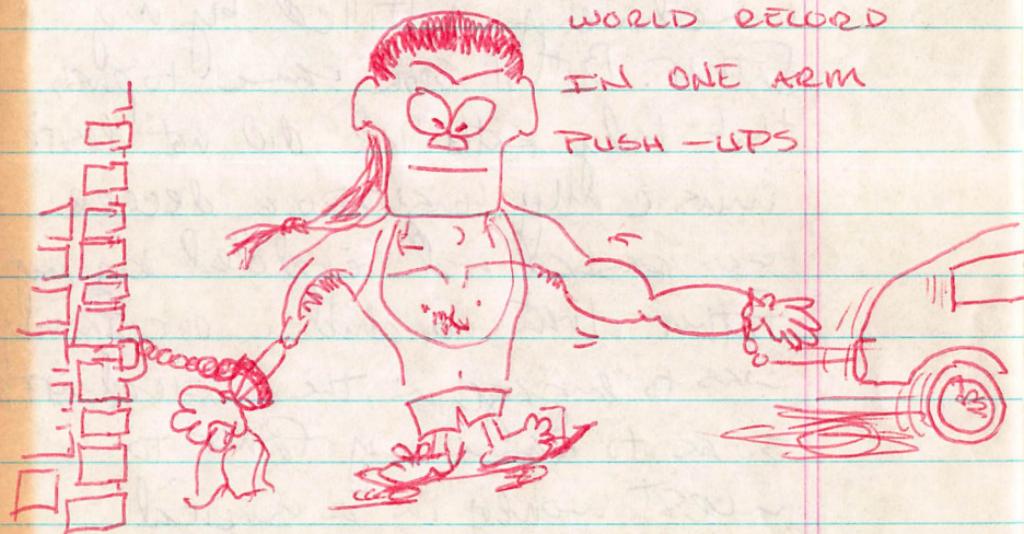
Ed had experienced the rise and fall of his musical career. And I was beginning to witness the awakening of mine. Needless to say, the atmosphere inwhich my music was received while not

being openly hostile was nonetheless cold. But this was not because my music was poor not that my music caused my father to become poor. It was because my music stood as a symbol of a realm of existenc that I had become a part of. A realm that neither my family nor friends understood and therefore abhorded.

Legend has it that my oldest sister, Kathy, when ^{she was} but a young lass desired to play a ~~musical~~ the accordion. Being ~~the~~^{an} only child at the time her request was immediately fulfilled by my father. But it soon came to pass that lady Katherine did not desire music any longer. So a decree was passed and revalded by my father that no child in our family was to engage in the musical arts so as to cause my father to invest money in a musical instrument.

Well many years passed and I soon found myself enrolled in Linda Vista Elementary school's 5th grade class. And as fate would have it, Linda Vista was beginning to develop a music

I SET THE
WORLD RECORD
IN ONE ARM
PUSH-UPS



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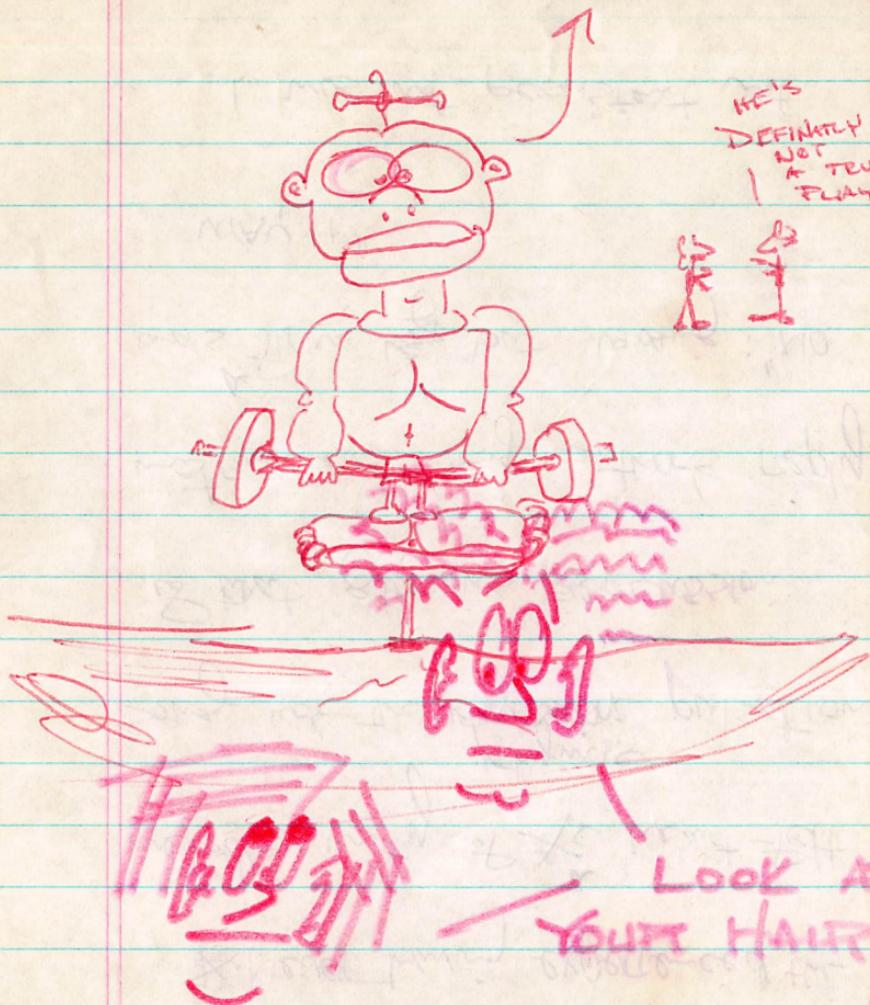
instrument my mother's reply

was firm ~~but~~ but loving: "No

WAY!!"

I was not persistent with
my request having now learned

Hi
"MASSA"



& the aforementioned decree.

So I shouldered my ~~destiny~~
~~DESTINED~~
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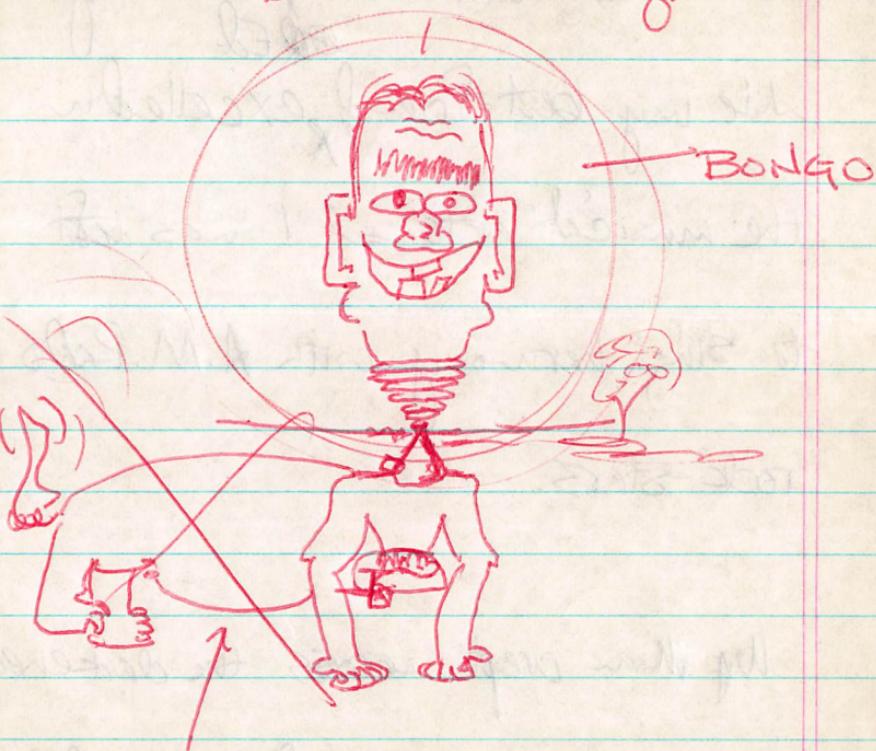
My Mom crept across the darkened
bedroom and turned off my radio.

I had fallen asleep with it on.

Six

~~Over the past five years I had~~

I chewed one to many
balls of bubble-gum



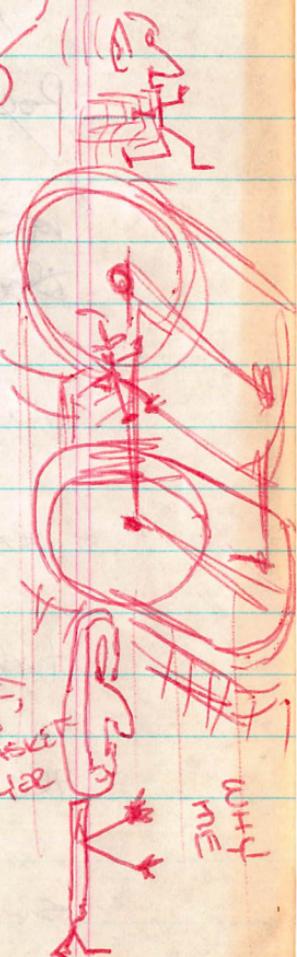
HE JUST ATE

switched from A.M. radio to
the F.M. variety and from Led
Zeppelin
Zap. to a thing called Jesus
Rock or Contemporary Christian

~~music.~~
~~After~~ ^{As} she left the room I opened
one eye ~~and~~ ^{and when} I saw that she
was gone. Then I rolled over and
turned my radio back on. In
the ~~past~~ past six years I had
switched from A.M. radio and

Hi my name is
~~STU~~ --FLY ME!

WHAT A TIME
~~TO~~ TO GET GAS!



led Zeppelin to the FM. variety and

Jesus Rock. ~~My friend from the~~
Ed

~~Fifth grade~~ had experienced

the rise and ~~fall~~ of his

musical career (he was beginning

~~to spend ^{his} every free time with~~

~~musical groups in high school~~

~~And as we began to crest the~~

~~mid point in our high school~~

~~years he and I became more~~

~~and more distant.~~

and I was
beginning
to make
the
mid point
in our high school

and more distant.



~~But it's 'lack' one my best
my relationship w/
friend because of ~~dear~~, I was
also to gain one.
Needless to say, the ~~exo~~ atmosphere~~

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to become poor. It was that my
music stood as a symbol of
music brought ~~on~~ ~~on~~ a real

that I had been brought into
the world, whether
of existence that my friends
friends nor my parents
understood and therefore
abhorred.



As a sophomore in high school
I applied myself to ~~becoming~~
becoming the moral person that
would be acceptable ^{to} ~~by my~~
parents and more ^{to} ~~by~~
to God. But in the process

Music -

- communication
- emotional outlet
- comforter
- companion

Intro

- ① Background
 - A. History - } Family
 - B. Experience - }
- ② Birth
 - A. Uncovering treasure (unintended discovery)
 - B. A-E-D (majors; minors)
 - C. Lynn; Country music
- ③ Changes
 - A. Seas; Crafts of the world
 - B. Do You Know The Lord
 - "LIVE AT THE BIRD'S NEST"
 - PAUL; KELLY; "THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT"

"Lynn, let me show you somethin'."

"Okay!" I ran downstairs to my room, ~~and~~ got my ~~the~~ guitar (vintage c.1967 -- looked about 1867) and ran back into the kitchen.

"I wrote a song last night," ~~that~~ I wrote about you. It about the Lord

"~~that~~ great! Let's hear it!"

"~~and~~ Let's see" I struggled to get my fingers to form the first chord. Lynn looked a little impatient.

In came a man with dust on his feet
his shoes were worn, he'd been walking the street.
By his appearance, a carpenter's son,
and all him poor, the world called him dirty.
With his hands out stretched he'd ask for some wine,
or maybe a stool, or a spot to your tie.
But with no gold in hand nor apparel white
most said no and remained in the night.
But ^{to} those who by grace said yes to his call
gave he the truth which is to ~~say~~ all,
oh that truth which is to ~~say~~ all.

"Do you know the Lord?"

"Do you know the Lord?"

"Oh, do you know the Lord?"

It was not that she didn't like me singing about the Lord. She had become a Christian shortly after seeing my own conversion. It was ~~not~~ she had also taken guitar lessons for two years and knew a good song when she heard one.

I had not taken any guitar lessons.

There was a ~~bit of~~ a pause ~~the~~ and then,
"...ah..that's nice."

She was ~~not~~ not impressed. ^{but} What could I do?
I did ~~not~~ that it was ^{to me} that bad, maybe the chord changes were a little slow and ^{maybe} my voice cracked a few times but it ^{was} ~~is~~ really not a bad song.

"You better put that thing away or we'll be late for school." Nope, I don't think that she was impressed.

Later that day I showed the song with a friend named Tim. He became a Christian a few months before I became ^{one} a Christian. And when Ed ~~died~~ and I drifted apart (Ed could not understand my interest in "religion"), Tim became my best friend. He had played ~~as~~ bass guitar in a rock and roll band before becoming a Christian so I looked up to Tim as a musical authority.

Tim says, "That's pretty good." And
But, "you know Lynn ~~doesn't~~ likes it that much, I think it's cause she ~~hates~~ holds a grudge."

"come on bro."

"No really! I think it's cause she jealous because she tried for all those months to get me to play

1
one night
guitar but it didn't really work. Then there was at
one of my dad's friend's ~~parties~~ house. but this guy's
daughter taught me about six chords ~~that~~ ~~over~~
night."

"I don't know too."

"well, make anyway that's that. So what
hasn't been done what's been happenin' over here?"

"Last night, I went to the Adams' fellowship.
Hers really ^{make} thought out of the book of
study in Galatians..."

Tim and I ~~soon became~~ close friends.
we ~~shared~~ shared with each other ~~the~~ the experiences
of growing up in our relation with Jesus, ^{telling our peers about} our
frustrations ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ this ~~new~~ ^{as songwriters} relationship, and
and our new found talents in songwriting.

IDEA.

For a time I songwriting formed out of a necessity of expressing our feelings and having songs to sing. There were no songs that we had access to that we could get along with lyrically. So slowly, almost subconsciously, we began to write ~~the~~ first songs. At first the words were trite and the melody monotonous.

"The world may be dying
and soon will be dead,
you know folks are blowing their minds
you know folks are blowing their minds in the head,
may be the sky
is not sparkling blue
with shiny weather we'll come down with the tide

"Yeah, I'll have a ~~big~~ cup of tea."

"One cup of tea coming up!"

I sat down on the bench next to ~~this~~
^{Dad's} ~~parent's~~ upright-out-of-tune piano. The late afternoon
sun was cutting its way into ^{the} already warm
living room. Next to the piano was the Amp to
this bass guitar. Jim had played in rock and
roll band before becoming a Christian. He also
became my best friend ~~when I became a Christian~~,
partly because Ed ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~understood~~ did not understand
my religiosity after I became a Christian.

"You came to start some music?" He ^{had} handed me my
tea then ^{and} planted himself ^{down} on the living room's red and
rust shag carpet. This house with its dark wood
felling ^{always} ~~gave~~ me a ~~a~~ pleasant "lived-in" feeling.

"Lynn, let me show you something."

"Okay." I ran down stairs to my room, got my decaying classical guitar and ran back into the kitchen.

"I wrote a song last night that I want to share with you. It's about the Lord."

"Great! Let's hear it."

"Let's see." I struggled to get my fingers to form the first chord. Lynn looked a little impatient.

In came a man with dust on his feet,
his shoes were worn, he'd been walking the street.

By his appearance, a carpenter's son,
you'd call him poor, the world called him dung.
With his hands outreached he'd ask for some wine,
or maybe a stool, or a spot of your time.

But with no gold in hand nor apparel of white
he often heard 'em say "no," they remained in the night.

But to those who by grace said "yes" to his call,

gave he the truth which is to save all,

oh that truth which is to save all.

Do you know the Lord?

Do you know the Lord?

Oh, do you know the Lord?"

There was a pause and then "...Ah ... that's nice." I knew it! She was not impressed. It was not that she did not like me singing about the Lord; She had become a Christian shortly after seeing my conversion. It was that she had previously taken ~~two years of~~ guitar lessons for two years and knew a good song when she heard one. But what could I do? I never took ^{any} guitar lessons. I mean, maybe the chord changes were a little slow and maybe my voice cracked a few times but it really was not a bad song.

"You better put that thing away or we'll be late for school." Nope, I don't think that she was impressed.

After that day I started the song with Richard - this. After school, and before my mom came home from work, I ~~scooted~~ grabbed my old guitar and scooted to his house. This old guitar has a pretty interesting heritage. A distant (that is, kissing) cousin one summer gave it to my older sister, Katie. She cherished the fine instrument placing it in a corner of her room to gather dust and ^{lived} ~~had~~ it to be used occasionally as a bulletin board, pushing hard steel thumbtacks through its fragile body. It was one of the first authentic musical instruments to make its way into our house since Katie's accordion days. So my younger ^{brother} and I ~~it~~ would often

rescue the varnished damsel from my sister's dutches
to stroke her ^{thin} nylon strings and pretend to be Crosby, Stills,
Nash, and Young. But soon, due to known ~~circumstances~~,
the fair young maiden began to ~~lose~~ ^{lose} her strings in
no orderly manner. ~~And~~ And finally when she was down
to one single string she was exiled to my closet.

~~Two years perhaps went by, and many hours later~~
~~she~~ ~~and~~ The next time that she saw light was when she
was confiscated without my knowing by Lynn. ~~I had learned~~
~~these~~ ~~six chords + one night at a party that~~ ~~so~~
~~I really started playing the guitar.~~ ~~I had just~~
she chords so Lynn took ~~my guitar~~ to my faithful
guitar to ~~repair~~ repair her cracked back, replace
her missing strings and bent keys. A week following
her mysterious (though unnoticed) disappearance
Lynn presented me with this ^{shiny} beautiful classical guitar
that had once been my ~~dog~~ pitted musical partner.
I was awed;

And so was this when he found me at
his door with my lovely guitar.

"How you doing bro?"

"Oh, pretty good." I walked across the entrance
of the house ^{over} into his living, tripping a few dirty
clothes. Jim went into the kitchen.

"Can I get you something?"

"Yeah, I'll ~~join you in a~~ cup of tea."

"One cup of tea coming up!"

The late afternoon sunlight was cutting ~~the~~ its way into the already warm living room.

I sat down on the ~~the~~ piano bench next to Tim's Dads old upright piano. Next to the piano, in the corner, was Tim's amplifier to his bass guitar. It had a shiny lotus (fish) sticker on it. Tim had been involved in the rock and roll scene before ~~before~~ becoming a Christian. Not long after that he also became my best friend; partly because Ed did not want anything to ^{do} with me or my religiosity after I became a Christian.

"You came to share some music?"

"Yep." This house with its dark-warmness always gave me a pleasant "lived-in" feeling. He came in from the kitchen with ~~two~~ ^{two cups} tea and his dad's 11-string Gibson guitar (it was always missing a string). Handing me my tea he plopped down on the living room's red and rust shag carpeting.

"Well then, go for it."